

WILL STRIKE IN MAY.

Soft Coal Miners Threaten to Quit Work.

NOT SATISFIED WITH THEIR WAGES.

Operators Refuse to Yield to Their Demands—Colliers in Four States Affected—Railways Making Preparations for Trouble.

WANT BETTER PAY.

CHICAGO, April 16.—The indications are that May 1 most of the soft coal miners of Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania will go out on a strike, and that after that date the supply of soft coal will be limited. In view of this fact many of the railroads are putting in large supplies of soft coal, a recent purchase of the Atchafalaya, Toledo & Santa Fe amounting to \$75,000. Many of the coal dealers in this city have within the last thirty hours received orders that they can not fill within a month.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 16.—A report which reached this city to the effect that the soft-coal miners of the State intended to inaugurate a strike the 1st of May did not occasion any surprise among the miners or operators. The operators do not seem inclined to accept the proposed scale, and the result will probably be the shut down of the mines in these regions.

STREATOR, Ill., April 16.—Local dealers say that unless the strike movement is general throughout the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania there will be no trouble here, as the miners of this region will not tolerate a repetition of last year's struggle when other sections profited by their idleness.

COLUMBIAS, O., April 16.—At the joint convention of miners and operators Tuesday there were 151 miners' delegates, representing between 40,000 and 50,000 organized miners, Ohio having 91 delegates, Illinois 16, Indiana 23, Pennsylvania 17, and West Virginia 4. There were about 75 coal operators, principally from Ohio and Pennsylvania. The following committee on scale of wages was appointed: operators, Oscar Townsend and J. S. Morton of Ohio, George Schlenker and John M. Risher, of Pennsylvania; miners, Thomas Batchelor and Edward Thomas, of Ohio, William Barker and Abram Winders, of Pennsylvania. The miners of Illinois and Indiana thought that they should be represented on the scale committee, as they were interested in the question of wages. It was decided that they could have no more than an advisory connection.

At the joint convention of miners and operators this morning the scale committee reported they were unable to agree. A new committee was appointed with Watchorn and Rea, of the United Miners, and Jones, the President of the Ohio Association, as members. The miners are asking an increase of 20 per cent, and a reduction in the hours of labor, but have practically abandoned the latter.

BRAZIL, Ind., April 16.—The Indiana coal operators state as their reason for refusing to meet with the Miners' National Union at Columbus, O., to fix a yearly scale, that Ohio and Pennsylvania operators have combined and have determined the scale to the operators' disadvantage.

LABOR TROUBLES IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 16.—The cloak-makers' strike has been settled. The 300 men have returned to work, E. Siegel & Bros. agreeing to pay the demand of fifteen cents advance on the dollar. The firm also recognized the union.

The embargo placed by the striking carpenters on building operations in Chicago continues effective. The official veto on labor extends not only to all of their own craft, but now embraces nearly all trades employed in architectural work.

At the close of work Tuesday evening the great majority of the bricklayers, plasterers, lathers, painters and plumbers were laid off indefinitely. There was no more work for them to do. All lines of work had reached the stopping place beyond which they could not go without the assistance of the carpenters.

TIME HE WAS HANGED.

Horrible Confession of a Condemned Negro at Birmingham, Ala.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 16.—Ben Elsey (colored), who is to hang Friday for the murder of J. W. Meadows (white), a year ago last January, has confessed that he and another negro murdered an Italian peddler near this city in December, 1888. Elsey, according to the confession, has been engaged in the business of killing people for several years. He robbed and murdered an old farmer and his wife in Georgia several years ago, and later shot a policeman in Atlanta and has killed two people in this State.

MURDER IN SOUTH OMAHA.

OMAHA, Neb., April 16.—Fred Radzewit was stabbed and instantly killed Tuesday afternoon at the Armour-Cudahy packing house in South Omaha by Anton Zramek, a fellow-employee. Zramek is only 14 years old. He says that Radzewit was about to strike him with a pitchfork when he stabbed him.

A SWISS TREASURER'S STEALING.

ZURICH, April 16.—The peculations of Seazziga, State Treasurer of Ticino, now turn out to be more than was at first thought, being officially set down at 7,500,000 francs. Seazziga is reported to have made a confession that implicates other high officials.

CAN'T GET A JURY.

BENZONIA, Mich., April 16.—Two hundred and ten men have now been examined in the Wright murder case, but no jury has been found yet. The contest still is on but drawing nearer to an end, as the defense has but seven peremptories remaining.

BIG FIRE AT RAY CITY, MICH.

RAY CITY, Mich., April 16.—Bonsfield & Co.'s woodenware factory was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning at 1:15. Loss, \$150,000; insurance, \$90,000.

SENATORS FROM MONTANA.

The Senate Finally Votes to Seat Messrs. Sanders and Power—Two Election Contests in the House Decided in Favor of the Sitting Members.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The Senate Wednesday, by a vote of 51 to 2, adopted a motion to lay the Chinese enumeration bill on the table on the ground that it would do more harm than good. House public building bills were passed as follows: At Galesburg, Ill. (\$75,000), at Ashland, Wis. (\$200,000), at Grand Haven, Mich. (\$100,000).

The Montana contested-election case was again taken up. The resolutions declaring Wilbur F. Sanders and Thomas C. Power "en-titled" upon the merits of the case" to seats in the Senate from the State of Montana were agreed to by a strict party vote—yeas, 32; nays, 26. Messrs. Sanders and Power thereupon took the oath of office and the Senate adjourned. At a drawing of lots by the Montana Senators in the Senate this morning, Senator Power drew the ticket for the long term ending March 3, 1895, and Senator Sanders that for the short term, ending March 3, 1893.

In the House unanimous reports were made from the committee declaring in favor of the sitting members in the contested election cases of Posey vs. Parrett from the First Indiana district, and Bowen vs. Buchanan from the Ninth Virginia district.

IT DEGRADES LABOR.

Mr. Powderly Denounces the Importation of Foreigners.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Among the witnesses heard by the Congressional sub-committee on immigration at its session Wednesday in the office of the immigration commissioner at Castle Garden, was Master Workman Powderly. Mr. Powderly said he was of the opinion that foreign labor is on the increase in this country. He had noticed at the railway station in Scranton, Pa., forty citizens of the United States who were going back to their native country, Scotland, because they could not work for the wages paid to the laborers who had been imported in large droves. Those foreigners, he said, work in the mines and on the railroads at starvation wages and live like animals. The general tendency of such immigration, he declared, was to degrade labor and morals. The witness thought that there should be a test for admission to citizenship and that education should be compulsory.

CAPRIVI AND THE PRESS.

The New Chancellor Cutting Off Information from the Newspapers.

BERLIN, April 17.—In the Prussian Landtag Wednesday Chancellor von Caprivi said that when the recent changes in the Ministry were made the Government decided to curtail the giving out of information for newspaper publication and from that time to the present not a word had appeared in the newspapers from the Chancellor's department. Referring to the foreign press, General von Caprivi said that the Government would reserve entirely to itself the right to retain the newspapers in its interest for the purpose of influencing public opinion abroad. But there would not be an indiscriminate exercise of this right. Rather it would be kept within well-defined limits.

A FAMILY EXTORTIONED.

PARIS, April 17.—Last week two children named De Carnot, aged respectively 8 and 9 years, were found drowned in the Central canal. Suspicion pointed toward their father, who disappeared at the time. Wednesday the man returned suddenly to his home and murdered his wife with an axe. He then threw his remaining child into the canal and kept it under water until it was drowned. He finally completed the tragedy by blowing out his own brains.

STOLE THE MONEY TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 17.—S. A. Williams, a nephew of the defaulting ex-State treasurer, Archer, told the investigating legislative committee that his uncle was about \$100,000 in debt when he was elected treasurer. It is inferred from this statement that Archer used the larger portion of the funds he stole from the State to pay off his personal indebtedness.

Fears of a Silver Crisis.

LOXNOX, April 17.—The Times says: "If the policy of the silver ring should break down in America, whether through popular impatience or commercial or financial difficulties, the dammed-up silver will pour out in sufficient volume to overwhelm the world. India and other countries interested in the silver question ought to consider this."

Reorganized.

NEW YORK, April 17.—The reorganization of the Western National Bank of this city was completed Wednesday by the election of Chauncey M. Depew, W. C. Whitney and Henry B. Hyde, as directors. The vacancies filled were caused by the resignation of Charles E. Canda, E. R. Dick and Benjamin Rusak.

Lost His Bride and His Money.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—J. W. Middleton, of Davis, Ky., was in this city Wednesday, searching for his bride, whom he married three weeks ago. Last Saturday she fled with Middleton's nephew, taking with her \$7,000 belonging to her husband.

Died of His Injuries.

CRYSTAL FALLS, Mich., April 17.—Captain William Hooper, superintendent of the Great Western mine near here, died Sunday. He was struck by a falling piece of timber in the mine the day before and fatally injured.

Perished in His Burning House.

WAUPACA, Wis., April 17.—The dwelling-house of Emil Hayes, in Manawa, this county, burned to the ground on Sunday night, the owner perishing in the flames. He leaves a wife and three children.

He Stole \$50,000.

CALCUTTA, April 17.—The cashier of the chartered bank of India, Australia, and China is officially announced as a defaulter to that institution. It is estimated that the bank will lose \$50,000.

STAGE HUMOR AS AN ART.

Denman Thompson Tells How to Make Audiences Laugh.

"Touch Human Nature" and "You Her" "Em." He Says "Mugging" and "Ancient Gags Are Obsolete Now."

Sort of Fun People Love.

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What is stage humor? I don't know as I can tell what it is. Although I have been engaged for the major part of my natural life in making other people laugh, or at least in persuading them to compromise on a good honest smile, making fun and analyzing it are two different things. "Taint so easy as it looks, roho."

One wise fellow—I forget his name if I ever heard of it—observed that every laugh reddened the blood; but I s'pose a good many folks would prefer that their blood should be blue and stay so. Still, it might be fairly made a question for some future age to decide whether the man who draws the tears or the one who excites the innocent laughter is the greatest benefactor.



COULDN'T BE MADE TO LAUGH.

I don't know as there's any gathering in the world that can laugh like an American audience when it gets in the humor and fairly started. It is quicker and more appreciative than other audiences, and the response comes like an explosion, so close upon the heels of the point as to be almost simultaneous. It's just like the old windmill—you give it a turn and off it goes; 'twon't stop, either, till it does of its own accord. The smallest incident, the merest trifle, will do it. I have frequently seen a little, unconscious movement on the stage provoke roars of unexpected laughter, while a carefully studied, elaborate joke has failed.

One of those accidental hits occurred not long ago in "The Old Homestead." A servant enters the room. Near me is a little table with a bell upon it. The servant, while leaning over the table to speak, happened to touch the bell with his sleeve and a loud tinkle was the result. I was conscious that it was a bad thing to have happened, and to cover it up, I said:

"Gosh! 'Taint one o'clock, is it?" They roared, and the incident has never since been omitted.

A movement of the head, a stumble in making an entrance, a mere cough, will sometimes set an audience off into convulsions of laughter. These things once started, even accidentally, become a part of the regular business. We don't know precisely what there is in them that makes them so effective; but you may be sure they have struck a chord somewhere and touched human nature.

The humor of the American stage has, I think, a unique quality of its own. It's like no other humor in the world. French humor is keen, two-sided, sarcastic, rapier-like; that of Germany is heavy drollery, and the English idea of stage humor is, to most people, dull and artificial. Irish humor is spontaneous, and bubbles up straight from the heart. Our American variety has taken a little from all of the others. I suppose; but it has taken most of all from the Irish, which has a dashing, racy flavor that mingles well with our own. At the same time, the native article has developed to sturdy proportions and can stand alone.

Outside of pantomime, there is no "mugging" or facial tricks on the American stage, nowadays, to create a laugh. These old-fashioned superficialities wouldn't go at all now. Art and nature combine to make the humorist, but nature has most of the work to do. A stage make-up may be something excessively ludicrous, whether in comedy or tragedy, and whether for an old or a



"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS WANAMAKER," young man, but it's a mere accessory. The strong lines of the piece and the little incidents that come up from time to time, and which can be taken advantage of, are the main dependence. In pieces that have long runs, these trifles are important as they afford variety and diversion at once. At the same time, humorous talk that isn't in the scene is very rarely done, especially in an old play. Where all the grooves have been worn smooth, it is only on a rare interval that an opportunity comes to put in a bit that will be at all effective.

I don't believe in running in local allusions, even with the certainty of being funny—it's overdone, as a rule.

Once, however, I was tempted to do it. I saw the Postmaster-General in a box with some friends. There wasn't anything particular about it, except that at a certain part of the play I had to say: "I didn't know it was the Postmaster." Well, all the while, and right up to that point, I had the box and its occupant in mind, and to my own chagrin, and, as it proved, to the utter astonishment of the audience, when the line was reached, I said: "I didn't know it was Wanamaker!" The shout that went up reassured me, and showed that out of an accident I had made a hit. An unconscious touch of human nature had saved it.

Another time, I came on and sat down in a chair upon the stage. The chair was one of them new-fangled things you call a platform rocker, I believe. Anyhow, it nearly capsize me. I leaned back too far, and was just going overboard, as I thought, and threw up my hands and jerked out my feet, letting off an exclamation of fear. But the audience took my mishap as a piece of capital acting and laughed itself sore, just as it did another time when I had a collision with an ottoman on the stage. The first time the thing came across me, I kicked it out of my way. The next night, there it was again, and I thought somebody had made a blunder. "I guess somebody has knocked the cushion out of one of these chairs," said I, at a venture, kicking it again. A general laugh told me that, no matter what my embarrassment might be, the audience thought the episode a mighty funny one, and so it went into the business.

I might multiply such instances, but I have given enough to show the importance of trifles as elements of fun-making on the stage. But they are only straws on the broad current of stage humor. What American audiences love above all other things is the humor that has a true rustic flavor. Some critical folks may turn up their noses at this, and say that the love of layseed and backwoods fun is a sign of lack of culture, but it is the reverse. City people can see the humor that relates to city life presented upon the stage at any time; but when they find themselves unconsciously taken back to the days of their boyhood, to the old simple times when they used to play tricks around the farm, the bucolic humor comes to them like a relief.

Country humor always goes best, for the reason that it touches the right spot, the heart. No amount of gags, or plays upon words, or localisms will do that. The gag has been left as a legacy to the music halls and variety shows; it isn't recognized any more on the stage. It is an interpolation, at the best, and a good deal of an impertinence,



"YOU'RE LIKE A SINGED CAT," and, besides, it doesn't really belong in the domain of humor at all. Country humor is not sectional by any means. There is the broad, vivid western style, the cute Yankee variety and the fine-drawn, picturesque humor of the South, all of which can be classed as rustic and which have their proper places upon the stage. These three are the distinctive types of native American humor, from which a dozen other varieties spring, some of 'em, by the way, of precious little account.

To my way of thinking, all true humor is kindly, and rustic humor most of all. It never has anything personal or vindictive in it, and is always acceptable to an audience. Your countryman never fails to make a hit, because he goes under the veneer and talks straight at you, in an off-hand innocent way, that makes you his friend. His reasoning may be absurd and his judgment ridiculous, but his convictions have the honest ring, and when he laughs at his own blunders you can't help laughing with him. He sees a tennis net stretched across the court and asks the boys if they ain't goin' fishin'. Yes, of course they are, they tell him. Then he sees their tennis rackets. "Fer the lands sake! Ye don't expect to scoop up any fish with them things, sure—ly?" Such an unsophisticated nature brings down the house.

I never played before an audience that wouldn't warm up to a good joke. Some people talk about cold audiences. Well, all I have to say is that you can't warm your hands over a painted fire; you've got to have the real article. An audience will never be cold when its humanity is touched. Your humor may deal with the tramp, the old man, the young man, the lover, the swell, the hayseed, or any of the other thousand different forms it sometimes takes; it will catch on all the same if it is based on the right notion of human nature.

"How old are you?" I ask the tramp. "Oh, I'm a wreck of 30 and I look like 50, don't I?" he says.

"Yes; you're a typical illustration of the singed cat: you feel better than you look."

It's old, you say. Yes, it's old, and so is the world and so is human nature old. And I've always noticed that old things, provided they're in place, are the best liked. Nobody wants Joe Millerisms, and an advocate of humorous chestnuts on the stage would find few supporters. But so long as human loves and human passions are unchanged, so long will the humor of the stage have to cater to the things that men and women love to hear.

DENMAN THOMPSON.

The Cup Was Gail.

A man who had both eyes blacked and his nose badly lacerated entered the Third street depot the other day and asked of Officer Burton:

"How many trains leave this depot in a day?"

"Oh, about fifty."

"Good! Get me tickets to go on the whole blamed fifty, and if there are any specials let me in on 'em, for I ache to get out of this town in a hurry!"—Detroit Free Press.

Developed by Much Use.



Shoe Clerk—Isn't your foot swollen? Mr. Moneybags—No. Shoe Clerk—Bless that way! Mr. Moneybags—No; but I've got nine mar-fagable daughters. Call around and see us some evening.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Reminiscence.

While the Texas veterans were holding a reunion in Austin, not long since, two venerable men who had not seen each other for many years were talking about the early history of Texas, and how much better things were managed in those days than they are now.

Among the incidents of bygone days was a murder trial which took place in the days of the republic of Texas, not long after the battle of San Jacinto. A man was brought before the court charged with having murdered a neighbor, the father of a large family. The murderer himself was an unmarried man. The presiding judge, having read the indictment, told the prisoner to stand up and said to him: "Bill Jones, you have not acted right in this matter. You have deprived a good woman of her husband and made orphans of her children. If I turn you loose you will marry the widow and support the family of the deceased!"

The prisoner said that he was more than willing to do so. In fact, he had shot her husband in order that he could do that very thing.

The widow had no objection, except that she wanted a little more time to fix up for the occasion. She, however, announced that she was ready, and the judge pronounced the happy couple man and wife without any delay.—Texas Siftings.

A Great Difference.

"Ah, you know my brother," said an Englishman to an American acquaintance.

"Yes, I am well acquainted with him."

"Ah, and do you notice a great difference between me and him?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"But there is a great difference. Our characters are totally different."

"In what way?"

"Well, you see, Henry always winds his watch in the morning and I wind mine at night."—Arkansas Traveler.

Sure of It.

"You ask my daughter's hand in marriage," mused the old man, as he looked the candidate over. "Are you sure you love her?"

"I know I do."

"And can you support her on your salary?"

"I can."

"You know Ellen has expensive tastes."

"You bet I do! She's costing me as high as \$6 a week for ice cream, soda and caramels, but that leaves \$4 for rent and provisions, and I am sure we can pull through."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fair Proposition.

Customer—This is the cough mixture for my grandmother.

Drug Clerk—Yes, and it costs forty cents. As you have only paid thirty, please hand over ten cents more.

Customer—I have got it, but I'll tell you what we can do. Just you take a couple of swallows, and then there will only be thirty cents' worth in the bottle.—Texas Siftings.

A Bright Copper.

Policeman (to pedestrian)—Stop where you are!

Pedestrian (frightened)—W—what's the matter?

Policeman—It's all right now. I just wanted to see if you could talk. A deaf and dumb block escaped from the asylum last night.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Hint for Him.

"Do you think your father likes me, Ma-mie?"

"I am sure he does."

"What makes you sure?"

"Because it was only yesterday he asked me when you and I were going to be married."—Boston Courier.

A Natural Query.

"When I'll grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother.

"Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious."

"Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"—San Francisco Call.

Going It Blind.

Gamin (to street peddler)—Say, mister, are you really blind?

Peddler—No, I sell these cough drops for my blind brother, who stays around the corner to look out for cops.—Philadelphia Society.

Things Are Changed Now.

Bank President—Do you believe that honesty is the best policy?

Cashier—I do—that is, if the new extradition treaty with Canada continues in force.—New York Morning Journal.

He Took Her Advice.

"They say 'tis plainly shown That every man is known By the company associates he keeps; Now, Mary, I ask you, If you believe it true?" And the young man at the maiden slyly peeps.

Said she: "Tis true, I say, 'Tis proved so every day: The good with good, the bad with wicked go. That well is understood, You should go with the good; 'Tis right and proper that you should do so."

Said he: "Of course it's right, And I, this very night, Accept your kind and courteous advice. Oh, yes, 'tis quite, quite true, So I would go with you, For you are good—and true, and kind, and nice."

She sweetly smiled on him, The dim light grew more dim, And all was sweet as grandma's pumpkin pie. In the dark he gave a wink, And couldn't help but think Himself a very knowing chap, and sly.

—Thomas Burke in Yankee Blade.

THE CANADIAN ROAD MAKERS.

They Are Doing Good Work in a Systematic Way.

It would be impossible for any town to bear the expense of macadamizing all its main roads at once. The cost would eat up the entire property of the town. Such a proposition is manifestly absurd on its face. But the cost of macadamizing a short portion of the main roads of the town each year, in pursuance of a complete plan which would spread the work over fifty years, would not be great. It would not be so great each year as the cost of maintaining the extra teams which bad roads compel farmers and teamsters to maintain.

In many parts of Canada they have as good roads as Europe—roads which are a daily blessing to every traveler, and which invariably draw from the visitor of New England habit the wonder how so poor and sparsely settled a country as Canada can have so much better roads than thickly settled, rich New England. The answer is simple: The Canadian road makers began with an intelligent plan and purpose. For years they have been macadamizing as much road as their means would allow. Every season great piles of stone are broken and heaped all along the roadside. When a hole develops itself enough of these broken stones are taken from the nearest pile to mend the defect while it is slight.

When the road making season comes on, what is left of the broken stones is used to extend the macadam. Every year the area of good roads extends, and every year the good roads grow better. If, fifty years ago, the business of road making in this little state had been undertaken with a similar purpose and skill, there would not today be a single mile of bad, or even poor, road in Connecticut. If a similar plan should be adopted this year, another half century would see the same result, without any appreciable yearly increase in the cost of road making, and with a constantly decreasing expenditure for horse flesh and wagons.—Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

Convict Work on County Roads.

A correspondent of The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks that it would be a good thing in all respects if persons undergoing confinement for minor offenses were employed in bettering the condition of county roads. He says:

"The proposition to work the county roads with jail prisoners convicted of misdemeanors seems worthy of public attention. The city is hardly less interested than the county in having good county roads, especially near the city, for not only do many of our citizens use them, but upon their condition depends the cheap and quick delivery of the larger part of what we live on. With better roads we can have better and cheaper meats, vegetables, fruits, milk and butter; cheaper hay and corn for our stock, less wear upon every city wagon or carriage that goes into the country. Besides, the people of any city have a direct interest in the building up of the country immediately around it.

"The market gardeners around Chicago maintain many hundreds of the business houses of that city. I suspect that \$10,000 expended annually by the city of Louisville in keeping up good roads extending, say, five miles from the city limits would yield benefits to the city five times greater in proportion than any sum we could expend upon any railroad. And yet the benefits from railroads are so great that we have wisely expended many millions in creating them. It may be said that the country should build its own roads.

"But many cities find it to their own interest to build railroads into counties the people of which do not contribute a dollar toward building them. May it not likewise be to the interest of Louisville to develop, by roads, the country around her, even if the country people do not see the importance of it?

"Our county roads are now worked by the people who live near them. If they should be worked by the jail prisoners there would be no interference with our city working men. On the contrary, it would only benefit them by giving them more and better and cheaper food. As it is the prisoners are useless, c